

In Recital

Curtis D. Knecht, baritone

with

Roger Admiral, piano

Wednesday, February 28, 1996 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Hai già vinta la causa! ... Vedrò mentr'io sospiro
From the *Marriage of Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1792)

Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121
(Four Serious Songs)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1896)

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen
2. Ich wandte mich und sahe
3. O Tod, wie bitter bist du
4. Wenn ich mit Menschenzungen

Intermission

The House of Life
(A Cycle of Six Sonnets)

Ralph Vaughn Williams
(1872-1958)
words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

1. Love-Sight
2. Silent Noon
3. Love's Minstrels
4. Heart's Haven
5. Death in Love
6. Love's Last Gift

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Knecht.

Curtis dedicates this program to the memory of Alfred Zurfluh.

Translations

**Hai già vinta la causa! ... Vedrò mentr'io
sospiro**

You have already won the suit! What do I hear?
In what snare did I fall? Perfidious ones!
How I will punish you! To my pleasure the
sentence will be.

But if he might pay the old claimant?

Pay her! How can he?

And then there is Antonio, who to the unknown

Figaro, refuses to give his niece in matrimony.

I shall exploit the pride of this idiot...

all is useful to my scheme... I have decided.

Shall I see, while I sigh, happy a servant of mine?
And must he possess something that I in vain
desire?

Shall I see the hand of love united to a vile object,
she who awoke a desire in me that she does not
return?

Ah, no! I do not wish to leave this happiness for
you,

you were not born, audacious one, to give to me
torment,

and perhaps yet to laugh at my unhappiness.

Already only the hope of vengeance

consoles my soul and makes me rejoice.

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

For man fares as does the beast, as the latter dies,
so he dies too;

and all have the same breath; and man has not
more than the beast:

for all is vain.

All got to one place; all are made of dust and will
to dust return.

Who knows if the spirit of man go upward, and
the breath of the beast go downward under the
earth?

So I saw that there is nothing better that a man be
joyful in his work, for that is his lot.

For who can bring him to see what will be after
him?

Ich wandte mich und sahe

I turned and saw all who suffer injustice under the
sun;

and behold, there were tears of those who suffered
injustice and had no comforter, and those who did
them injustice were too mighty to have any
comforter.

So I praise the dead who had already died, more
than the living who still had life;

but he who not yet is, is better than both, and
does not perceive the evil that happens under the
sun.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O death, O death, how bitter you are,
in the thoughts of a man who has good days,
enough and a sorrow free life; and who is
fortunate in all things and still pleased to eat well!
O death, O death, how bitter you are!

O death, how well you serve him who is in need,
who is feeble and old,
is beset by all sorrows

and has nothing better to hope for or to expect.

O death, O death, how well you serve.

Wenn ich mit Menschenzungen

If I spoke with the tongues of men and angels, and
had not love,

I were a sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

And if I could prophesy and knew all mysteries
and all knowledge,

and had all faith so that I could remove
mountains,

and had not love,

I were nothing.

If I gave away all my goods to the poor and
suffered my body to be burned,
and had not love,

it were of no gain to me.

We see now in obscure words through a mirror,
but the face to face.

Now I discern it piece by piece,

but then I shall discern it just as I am discerned.

But now faith, hope, love remain, these three:

but love is the greatest among them.

